

Insatiable Beast.

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Insatiable Beast.

by [Sweaty_dogman](#)

Summary

Hannibal and Will tour the US after Hannibal...takes care of the young man's mother. They're planning of escaping the troubles of Louisiana, settling in Florence to live the rest of their lives together.

19-year-old Will Graham is furious when he finds out Hannibal killed his mother, but not for the reason he expected. Hannibal falls more in love with the young man at this discovery, even more eager to take him away to begin the insatiable beasts true becoming.

Notes

Completely and utterly inspired by Mirai and a few ideas we shared with one another! I cant wait to add two more chapters to this, please let me know what you think! :)

I also apologise this chapter is so short!

Chapter one.

Hannibal had been touring America for almost four months now, travelling with his insatiable little beast in his passenger seat. Although, Will Graham wasn't so little; his legs were long and full, curls resting messily at his shoulders, thighs almost spilling out of his shorts. Will was nothing but skin and bone when Hannibal had met him, and now, he was gorgeous and well-fed, milky and soft. He was perfect. The older man had happily let the boy fill the back seats of his car with bags, blankets and personal belongings as they drove to different Motels; though, he would have to get rid of half of it when they made their move to Florence.

"You did what?!" Will screamed, smashing his fists onto the dashboard as tears started flooding from his eyes. He kicked his feet, dirty Converse muddying the leather interior, fists now landing on Hannibal's arm. "You...You fucking killed my mom? You stupid fuck!" The young man's mouth was foul, cracking with anger and upset as he screamed at the driver, delivering repeated blows to Hannibal's arms and face.

Hannibal didn't react, biting his cheek as he swallowed the pain that those small, powerful fists delivered to him. He had expected this, hiding something so important from the explosive mare was bound to cause something like this. Seeing Will cry was something Hannibal hadn't expected, making him regret his decision to hide it at all. The motel wasn't far off - if only Will would stop hitting him, he could concentrate on driving better.

"You lying bastard! Fuck you! D-Did you do this just so you could take me away? Pretend that nothing had happened whilst you sweep me off to some foreign country?!" He continued to scream, snot mixing with hot tears. "You're...You're a freak! Stop the car...Stop it now!" Hannibal did just that, pulling over to the side of the dirt road, looking over to the young boy. The young man was a mess, curls sticking to his wet cheeks, chest rising and falling rapidly. Will spat at Hannibal, following it up with a hard slap before getting out of the car, slamming the door.

Like a new-born deer, Will ran down the road, kicking up dust behind him, legs and arms flailing clumsily. The motel wasn't far, but Will couldn't see anything, the scenery around him bleeding together like a watercolour painting, blurring and smudging as he tripped over his shoelaces. Hannibal made no effort to chase after him; this delicate creature needed time to cool off. Will ran into their room, slamming and locking the door behind him, jumping onto the bed.

He screamed into the pillow, wailing as he kicked his legs, assaulting the mattress with brutal punches. The sounds he made were earth-shattering, hurting Hannibal's ears as he listened from the other side of the door. He pressed his forehead to the painted wood, sighing softly, regret and guilt washing over him. The man wished he could take it all back, regretting not telling Will as soon as it happened. Secrets between the two of them were useless, only getting in the way of their relationship like this had done. "Darling," Hannibal called softly, "can you open the door for me? Can you do that?" With a snuffle, the boy shuffled over to the door and unlocked it, retreating to the bed before he could face the man.

"My intentions weren't to keep it from you for this long, lamb." He started, removing his suit jacket before sitting on the edge of the bed, keeping a safe distance between them both. Hannibal didn't quite want to get punched again. "I happened to be enjoying our time together so much that it slipped my mind. I understand if you wish to return to Louisiana and stop our Travels where they are, I am more than happy to give you the funds to do so." The older man swallowed, closing his eyes as he waited for Will's response, anticipating the worst. Hannibal froze when he felt a warm body wrap around him, wet face pressing into the crook of his neck. Will crawled into the man's lap, knees resting at either side of his thighs, sobbing softly into his warm body, gripping desperately at Hannibal's shirt.

"M-My mama?!" He cried, shaky hands wrapping around the older man's neck. Will didn't find himself crying because he missed the woman or because he was devastated; in fact, he had no idea why he was crying.

Hannibal stroked those long, chocolate curls he loved, rocking the young man gently. "She treated you awfully, Will, she didn't feed you. She beat you, undermined you, hurt you. I took care of her for you, made your life safer." The man soothed, pulling the blubbering face from his neck, gazing down lovingly at the young thing in his lap. Will's sobbing had stopped now, simmering down to quiet sniffles as his lower lip worried.

"Why...Why..." and then it hit Will. The reason he was so upset was that Hannibal didn't ask for his help. He didn't ask if Will wanted any part of this. "Why didn't you let me help? She was my mom...I should've been allowed some part of this."

The older man raised a brow, looking down at the young man in his lap, brushing away his tears. "You would have liked to kill her with me?" Hannibal questioned, tilting his head to the side.

"Yes." He replied plainly, tilting his head to kiss the palm of Hannibal's hand.

"Is that why you were crying, lamb? Because you wanted to help your daddy butcher your own mother? You are an evil boy, Will Graham." Hannibal purred, running his fingers through the young man's soft curls, tugging ever so gently.

Will nodded slowly, bright pools trained on the older man's fiery set, a soft blush coating his full cheeks and button nose. He didn't need to say anything else, Hannibal knew it all just by the look in his lamb's eyes. Will was just like him, in a way, reminding him of himself when he was nineteen - young and curious. He could see the curiousness burning in those pretty blue eyes, each and every blink revealing a new emotion. At that moment, Hannibal saw what could become of Will, what he could help the young man become over time. Hannibal would adore and help show this young man the potential he had, the love that Hannibal could give him.

Their lips collided as Hannibal fell against the mattress, kissing one another slow and sweet. There was no need to rush this; the pair never had to rush anymore, in their motel room time could be whatever they wanted it to be. Hands explored bodies, pulling at clothes and hair as they moved, teeth nipping at soft skin. Will let out breathy moans, rutting his hips against the older man, pushing into the hands that gripped firmly at his ass. It never took much to arouse Will, a few kisses and the young man was tenting his pants, dripping precum almost instantly.

"How about we break in this bed. I know how much you enjoy that, lamb?" Hands worked at Will's shorts, throwing them to the ground, leaving him in his well-loved Converse and nothing else. Hannibal ran his fingers up and down the supple skin, giving his thighs a light slap just to see the milky skin jiggle ever so slightly. He loved seeing that. Hannibal admired Will's naked form, running his hands over his hips, stomach, chest, every inch of his beautifully plush body.

"Yes, daddy!" He nodded eagerly, ripping off the older man's shirt, buttons popping off, hitting the floor with a rolling sound. Will would pay for that. Hannibal let Will pull his trousers off, gripping his hips tightly as he was swallowed whole by the young man's hot heat. The insatiable beast hardly used any spit to slick Hannibal's cock with, welcoming the burn that came with each slow movement.

Hannibal was gripping hard enough to bruise, moving his other hand to grip the young man's face. He slammed the boy down, thrusting his hips upwards to meet his lamb's movements, groaning lowly. The noises Will made were utterly heavenly; whining and moaning, letting Hannibal's name flow from his lips, begging for things he needed so badly in the moment. "H-Harder!" Will demanded, tugging the man's hair almost violently.

The young man took what he wanted, insulting the Lithuanian man under him in hopes of some rougher treatment. Will gasped in false shock, face violently buried into the pillow by strong hands, getting onto his knees for the other man. His screams, despite being quietened by the cheap pillow, still managed to fill the motel room. Hannibal, spurred on by Will's noises, pounded into the young man as hard as he could, face buried in his neck.

Once Will had come against the mattress, Hannibal slowed his thrusts, making it easy on the young man's body as he chased his own orgasm. Hannibal kissed all over his shoulders, back and neck, licking the sweaty skin slowly. "You are so b-beautiful," Hannibal mumbled, pressing kisses to the mess of brown curls. Neither men had said 'I love you' yet. Hannibal found way's to say it without directly saying the words, often mumbling it to the younger man in different languages, ones Will could never understand because he never wanted to learn. After a few slow, deep thrusts Hannibal had filled Will up, pulling out slowly to find his pink plug.

"You know," Will hummed, curling up to the tall man, lacing their fingers together. "I love you too, Hannibal. You don't gotta say it to me in them funny languages," he chuckled, kissing along the man's knuckles, "It isn't hard to figure out when you say it every time we have sex or before we sleep."

Despite his age, Hannibal found himself blushing and preening like a high schooler, burying his face in sweaty curls. It was a little surprising what Will had found him out so quickly; he thought he was a little more casual about it all. "Smart boy," he hummed, "you ought to get some rest. Tomorrow will be our last day in the United States before we embark on the journey to Italy."

"Just say flying...you don't have to be so fuckin' poetic all the time," he teased, closing his eyes as he pulled a blanket over his body.

Chapter Two.

Chapter Summary

An accusatory finger pushed into Hannibal's face, nose scrunching again, just like an angry puppy. "Murder me, just like you murdered my mother! Go on! Do it! I know you want to!" Much like in the car, Will's small but mighty fists bombarded Hannibal's chest violently, screams vicious and gut-wrenching.

Chapter Notes

Warning - NSFW kinda intense, nothing I haven't already tagged! :)

It was surprising, to say the least, to find the bed empty. Usually, Hannibal was awake before his young lover, always having to shake him awake. Yet, this morning Will was nowhere to be seen, which sent waves of nerves through the older man. Had his lamb run away from him? Had he attempted to return to the herd he had stray from?

"Hey!" He sweet voice pulled the older man from his worrisome thoughts. Will. "Where did you put my sun hat? The big floppy one, I wanna wear it today." The young man wore nothing but Hannibal's white dress-shirt, near enough a dress on his short frame.

"I hope you plan on wearing more than that today, lamb." Shooting firm look shot at the young man, pulling on a clean pair of underwear. "It's in the back of the car. You can't miss it, my love. Perhaps you should leave some clothes behind. I plan on buying you a whole new wardrobe once we arrive at our new home."

Will's eyes glimmered at that promise, ready to throw out every pair of clothes he had if it meant Hannibal would spoil him. He tied up the shirt at his middle, pulling on blue and white bloomer shorts, wrapping his arms around the older man. "Mm, I'll leave all my clothes behind if you so wish."

"That won't be necessary, go get in the car, I will be there in no more than five minutes." He pressed a soft kiss to Will's parted, wanting lips. His insatiable boy moaned softly into the kiss, pulling away to skip out to the car. The drive to the airport would take a good few hours, but Hannibal enjoyed driving with Will at his side, he always made it entertaining in his own little way.

Every time they stopped for gas, Will insisted on going in to pay, always returning with something from the gas station. On their third, and hopefully final stop, he returned with a cherry-red popsicle and soda, smiling happily to himself.

"Will," Hannibal sighed, looking over at the boy. Jesus Christ, Hannibal almost choked. Will had his lips wrapped tightly around the sweet treat, lips bright red from the colouring, glistening and swollen. He flicked his tongue out, licking up it, pushing it back into his mouth, batting his cow lashes at the older man. Battered Converse rested on the dash, long, hairless legs almost shining in the sunlight, bloomers riding up his thighs. Will knew just what he was doing, his actions were utterly pornographic, driving his partner insane.

With a soft moan and comical 'pop', Will pulled the popsicle from between his swollen lips, waving the thing around as he spoke. "What is it, daddy?"

"Do you know what you are doing, boy?" The man almost ground out, knuckles white from how hard he was gripping the wheel.

"Oh," he pouted, licking his red lips. "You could've told me you wanted some, no need 'ta get jealous," leaning forward, Will pressed the cold stick to Hannibal's lips, watching intently to see if the older man would dare. Hannibal hated anything like that, over-processed and full of sugars bound to rot Will's pearly whites.

"I..." he huffed, biting the tip of the popsicle off, sucking the sweetness down his throat, tongue instantly painted an unnatural red hue. Not what he had intended, but Will's reaction was just as satisfying.

Will squirmed in his seat, gasping when Hannibal shoved his feet from the dash, forcing him to sit upright. He watched the older man's Adam's Apple bounce, biting back a shuddering breath. Hannibal was so effortlessly sexy, his nonchalant actions having a mind-numbing effect on the young man, driving him up the fucking wall, young mind flooding with filthy thoughts.

Quickly, Will threw his sweet treat out of the window, watching it splatter onto the pavement that rolled under them. Hannibal opened his mouth to scold his lover, but quickly shut up when he saw the look on that beautiful face. The older man groaned, adjusting his hips slightly as Will took his half-hard cock into his mouth, eagerly sucking until Hannibal was solid. Long fingers tangled in those shoulder-length curls, stroking gently as the young man worked his pretty mouth.

The young man rocked back and forth on his heels, mildly overwhelmed by the number of people in the airport. Were airports always this busy? Will wouldn't know, he's never left the US, hardly having left his state before meeting Hannibal; the man that saved him.

"Everything okay, princess?" A large hand moved to cup the back of his young lover's neck, using the pet name playfully. He knew Will liked it, even if he whined and protested, enjoying it the most when people *heard* him.

Will groaned a little, relaxing into the hand, "It's...busy."

"I know, soon we will be on our flight, okay?" The older man tried to smooth, leaning down to press soft kisses to the crown of Will's long curls, unashamedly breathing in his scent. Lavender and talcum powder, with a hint of cherry. Hannibal was nearly buzzing with excitement, eager to cross the threshold, having Will in his grasps forever. What made this even more exciting was the knowledge that, deep down, Will craved violence just as much as him. Hannibal couldn't tell if it was Will's innocent demeanour or his sinful mind that made him feel this way, but the older man was beyond excited to see Will at his real potential. It might take a while, but soon, Will would be a wolf - stepping out of lambs skin.

"Home?" Will asked, looking up at his boyfriend with big eyes, smiling. The young man wanted nothing more than to finally be in a stable home with someone that loved him, and Hannibal could give him that. He doubted he could ever love someone as much as Hannibal; the man was his everything, needing nothing else in this world other than him.

Dark eyes softened, pulling the short body against his own for a moment or two. "Home." He promised with a smile. Gently, the older man led his lover through security, happily making their way aboard the plane.

The young man felt strange, leaving his life behind in a blink of an eye. He wasn't leaving much though; no one would know that he was gone, they wouldn't miss him or kick up a fuss. Who would even report a 19-year-old as missing anyways? Leaving behind the abuse, pain and suffering would be a good thing, even if Will wasn't so sure yet. Hannibal loved him - that he knew, yet he still felt the desperate fangs of doubt and dread gnawing at his soft flesh.

Waking the sleeping beast was something Hannibal never did unless they had to leave a motel, he wouldn't rare risk it now. When everyone else was off of the plane, he gently scooped the sleeping mare into his arms, carrying him flush to his chest, fingers combing his hair as he made the journey to luggage claim. Will slept as though he was dead, not even stirring at the busy noises of the airport or the feeling of Hannibal sliding him into their rented car. For a few moments, Hannibal studied him, watching as his cow-lashes fluttered every so slightly, but he didn't wake. There was something about this boy, something that had the older man drawn to him like a moth to a flame, enthralled by this beautiful, seemingly innocent thing.

It excited Hannibal to know something was hiding, deep beneath the surface, and he would be the only one to see it. He wondered what Will would do when presented the opportunity to kill, presented with the chance to prove himself to the older man.

With a quiet sigh, Hannibal drove them to their new home.

The house was just as extravagant as Hannibal, decorated floor to ceiling with expensive things. Large, plush sofas, marble flooring and chandeliers. Will thought the bedroom was the best; a four-post bed shielded with a white canopy, adorned with feather pillows and silk sheets. The young man was truly a princess, cared for by his doting king, given everything he ever truly wanted.

It was a gift to wake up every morning next to that mess of curls. Hannibal would curl himself around the short man, tracing his hand over soft, plush skin until Will let out a soft whimper or groan, blinking sleep from his long lashes. The older man didn't even care about the morning breath that flooded his nostrils as Will kissed him, sloppy and full of tiredness as he woke up fully. Sometimes, if he were lucky enough, he would wake up to Will's lips wrapped around his cock, sucking away lazily. Occasionally, if the sweet thing felt especially kind, Hannibal would wake up to his cock engulfed in a tight heat, his needy boy riding the morning away, making them late for breakfast.

On some days, Hannibal found it hard to keep up with the young man's needs. He was well into his forties and, sometimes he was just too exhausted in the evenings to use Will how he so desired. Will was smart, finding ways to adjust to the older man's occasional tiredness, resorting to riding him or pleasing himself in front of the older man. He enjoyed laying in the man's lap, fucking himself on Hannibal's deft fingers, rocking his hips against the man's talented tongue until Hannibal decided he could come. His darling boy never went unsatisfied.

Will didn't work, happy to leave that to Hannibal. However, he had promised the older man to take some lessons at the community college, expanding his beautiful mind with the fruit of knowledge. He tried for several months, attended classes in criminology, sketching and even a bi-weekly class on piano playing, but none really stuck. Will could already draw, he knew everything about the criminal mind and piano was boring unless he played with Hannibal. Still, he would pretend to go to classes. Instead, he would take himself shopping or out for lunch, avoiding the part of town Hannibal worked in, always returning way before his loving boyfriend.

That Friday afternoon, Will had spoilt himself beyond belief, returning home with more bags than his little hands could carry. He rushed to the bedroom, hurrying to put away his new lace underwear, bloomers, other feminine clothes Hannibal might not usually let him buy. He had spent near thousands of euros, even taking himself and his friend Antony out for lunch. The young man had engulfed himself past the limit, spending his monthly allowance in less than five hours. When he heard Hannibal coming up the stairs that led to their apartment, he ran into the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of lemonade.

Hannibal smiled, hanging up his coat before heading into the sitting area. His young beauty sat in the armchair, legs dangling off of the arms. Hannibal gently grabbed ahold of his small feet, leaning down to kiss his ankles, all the way up to his knees. The boy smelt like perfume and spices, an aftershave he knew to be Antony's. He didn't like the young man much, Antony looked at Will with eyes he could only describe as lustful. "Have a good day, lamb?" He asked softly, watching Will suck up his lemonade distractedly, eyes moving to the bedroom multiple times.

"I had a great day, daddy," Will blinked up at him, voice almost sickly in its sweetness. Something was going on. Hannibal could sense it; everything was wrong with Will, his usual relaxed disposition far too forced for Hannibal. The older man almost growled when he noticed something Will had clearly been too foolish to fix; his red lipgloss was smudged, creating a blushed look on his plump mouth. Hannibal could tell right away what Antony Dimmond had done to his sweet boy; no, it takes two to kiss, this was Will's doing also. He wouldn't have been shocked if Will was the one to initiate the probably sloppy, stolen kiss.

"What did you do?" Retracting his hands, standing up with his arms crossed as he awaited a response. The young man's nose scrunched, almost in a small snarl at his boyfriend. "Now is not the time to play puppy, Will. Tell me what it is you did and are so intent from hiding from me." Anger bubbled in the pit of his stomach, eyes darkening as he thought about Antony's mouth and hands on his darling boy. Will belonged to him, not that pathetic excuse of a man.

The young man frowned, bottom lip sticking out, wet and pink. "I didn't do nothin'. I went to my lessons, that's all." The phone rang, saved by the bell, *for now*. Hannibal grunted before going to answer it, leaning against the wall as he chatted in Italian, glaring at Will a few times.

Hannibal honestly couldn't believe what he was hearing, nodding along to the woman's words. She had called about Will, curious to know where he had been for the last month, never having turned up to his drawing lessons the same for all of his other courses. He was furious, how dare this boy skip out on chances that Hannibal gave him, especially after all the effort he went through. "Will," he hung the phone back on the wall, heading over to his seated sweetheart. "Would you care to explain why you haven't been to school in over a month? And why you have been spending the day with Mr Dimmond? I can smell him on your breath, boy." His voice was calm, but the anger behind his words terrified Will.

He froze, tapping a finger on his glass, heart thumping. He hadn't ever seen Hannibal this angry, not even when the man had witnessed his abuse. "Daddy," Will smiled sweetly, shaking his head, "you're bein' ridiculous, I was in classes today. Antony? I haven't seen him in over a week." That was a lie, he and Antony shared lunch that day, playing footsie under the table, kissing in a sheltered ally way. It was wrong, but Will was just a young man and, Antony was deliciously handsome. Was it really so wrong to indulge in primal needs every so often?

Harshly, Hannibal swiped the young man's feet from the chair arm, letting them fall to the cold marble floor. Will gasped, lemonade spilling all over his lace top, springing to his feet. As soon as he had done it, Will knew it was a big mistake. Hannibal stood, seething, face and chest dripping with sweet lemonade. He wiped his face, gripping the young man by the jaw. "Is this what you do, huh? When I'm not around, you go running through Florence with men, like some filthy harlot?" Hannibal snapped, fingers digging into soft flesh.

"I-" Will gasped, knees going weak under Hannibal's touch. He couldn't tell if his body liked what was happening or if it were terrified. The strong hand wrapped around his jaw was definitely something to fear. Suddenly, flashbacks to the secret Hannibal had shared with him flooded his mind; the image of his dead, mauled mother flashed behind his bright pools, filling them with tears. "Do it..." he choked out, bringing his eyes to Hannibal's dark set. Something in them, something hidden deep, made Will gag softly.

He delivered a slap to the young man's red cheek, gripping at his jaw again once the sting has left his hand. "Do what?!" He spat back, venom lacing his words. Even now, Hannibal imagined all the many ways that he could kill Antony, make him pay for his actions. After all, actions have consequences, even ones made under the control of one's cock.

"Murder me!" Pushing back at the man, screaming the words in his painfully hard face. Will didn't care who heard. An accusatory finger pushed into Hannibal's face, nose scrunching again, just like an angry puppy. "Murder me, just like you murdered my mother! Go on! Do it! I know you want to!" Much like in the car, Will's small but mighty fists bombarded Hannibal's chest violently, screams vicious and gut-wrenching.

Hannibal growled, more than offended that his boy thought he would do something like that. Within an instant, Will folded over the armchair; face pressed into the green cushion. The young man gasped, cool air nipping at his suddenly bare ass, bloomers wrapped around his ankles. Will could feel just how wet he was now, precum soaking the front of his silk underwear, leaving a sweet stain. Hannibal shook his head, "Poor thing, even like this, you're needy." Before Will could quip back at him, the silk fabric stuffed his mouth.

Quick, harsh spansks attacked the soft mound of flesh, jiggling under the force. Hannibal tangled his fingers in the long girls, wrapping them around his hand to pull the boy's head back. Despite his squirming, it was clear Will was enjoying the rough treatment. "If you ever," growled Hannibal, "let that Antony Dimmond touch you again, I shall be eating him for dinner. Understood?" Will nodded, squeaking his response around the fabric in his mouth.

"I-I'm so sorry!" Will babbled, underwear finally pulled from his mouth. His ass was practically glowing, red and tingling, a beautiful contrast against his pale skin. "I'm sorry daddy, I won't ever do it 'gain." He stuttered out, getting back to his shaky feet.

"Tell me," Hannibal took a seat, pulling the sobbing creature into his lap, kissing his neck slowly, grip tight on his full hips. "Did Antony make you as hard as I do? Make you all wet from just kissing, lamb?" He questioned, voice low and gruff as he spoke. Will smelt delicious, fear and arousal all melting together along with his elegant perfume.

Shaking his head, Will mewled sweetly at the kisses. It was hard to focus on Hannibal's questions when his mouth felt so *fucking* good and, he was so embarrassingly hard. "N-No, he ain't a good kisser," Will replied the best he could, pressing his back against the older man. The pain was quick to bleed into pleasure, throbbing needily for the older man. "Had...Had to think 'bout you to enjoy it,"

"Filthy thing," Hannibal slapped his plush thighs, gripping them, flesh spilling between his fingers. "You are such a rotten boy. What shall we do about that?" He purred into Will's ear,

biting and licking at its shell as he waited patiently for a response, huffing when one didn't come as quick as he would've liked. "I know just what you need, dolly." With a grunt Hannibal scooped the young man into his arms, sweeping him away to the bedroom.

The young man giggled as he fell onto the bed, Hannibal's body looming over him, a dark smile creeping onto his lips. Will didn't need Hannibal to tell him what to do; the look in his eyes was instruction enough. He got onto his elbows, ass presented in the air, legs parted to give him a sturdy base. "Good boy," Hannibal keened, pushing two wet fingers into his needy hole. Hannibal worked him open easily, two fingers quickly becoming three, soon replaced with his hard cock. Hannibal removed all his clothes, along with Will's shirt, throwing them to the floor hastily.

He wasted no time in thrusting into the tight heat, groaning loudly. *Fuck*, Will felt excellent. Hannibal gripped at the still-burning flesh of the young man's ass as he fucked into him, grunting in pleasure. "C-Can Antony do this, huh?" The older man growled, pulling Will up until their bodies pressed together. "Can that scrawny...little boy make you feel this good? Can he, lamb?" Hannibal punctuated every word with a harsh thrust, sharp-fanged teeth sinking into the sweaty flesh of Will's neck.

Will cried out when his skin broke, a thin dribble of blood staining his skin; quickly licked away by Hannibal's hot tongue. "No! No, he can't!" He whined in return, unable to stop himself from fucking back against the older man's thrusts. When they were fighting in the living room, the young man hadn't expected this to be the outcome - he wasn't complaining. Will was on cloud nine, his whole body sparking with electricity as if he would short out any second; this was the most intense Hannibal had been with him in almost two weeks.

He gasped when his body hit the mattress again.

Almost frantically, Will buried his face in the silk pillow, screaming in pleasure as the older man hit all the right places. He turned his head to the side to make breathing a little easier, tears of sheer ecstasy rolling down his cheeks. The pleased creature let out another gasp when he felt a weight on his head. Hannibal had repositioned himself slightly, using his foot to push Will's face into the pillow, gripping his hip to gain a much more brutal pace. Although they had never done this before, the young man found himself quite enjoying the weight, breathing becoming a little trickier as Hannibal moved. "God...you make daddy feel so good, lamb." Hannibal gritted out, nails biting the soft flesh of Will's ass. He wasn't going to last long, not with Will the way he was.

"I'm gonna-!"

"No!" Hannibal barked, hand wrapping tightly around the base of Will's throbbing cock, squeezing. "Daddy's going to come first, understood?" Will whined, nodding reluctantly. He was so painfully close, cock throbbing as it leaked precum onto the sheets beneath them. Will couldn't last much longer, writhing and sobbing under the weight of Hannibal's foot on his head.

After what felt like a century, Hannibal emptied himself into Will. He had retracted his foot, using both hands to pull the young man as close as possible, bottoming out inside the creature. Hannibal came with a loud moan, body convulsing as shocks of intense pleasure coursed through him. He pulled out, releasing Will's cock from his iron grip. Hannibal flipped the pliant body onto its back, kissing his thighs roughly.

"Please!" Will cried, hands lacing in Hannibal's hair as he swallowed his throbbing length. He couldn't breathe, gasping for air as Hannibal sucked him off with brutal intensity, one bound to make him come in seconds. "I-I love you!" Screamed the young man as he finally peaked, flooding Hannibal's mouth with hot come, body spasming. Hannibal pulled off, instantly pulling the shaking body to his chest, cooing.

Hannibal had heard that phrase a few times, but this time it sounded so raw and real, bringing a tear to his dark eyes. Carefully, much to his partner's protest, Hannibal slipped out of bed. He returned quickly with some ointment, gently rolling Will onto his stomach so he could massage it into the flesh of his ass. "Never do that again, lamb. I love you, dearly. It hurts more than anything to know you would risk being untrue with me to hide your infidelity." Wiping his hands clean, the older man slipped into bed.

"I'm sorry..." he whispered, laying his head atop of the man's hairy chest, burying his face in the comforting warmth. Will was genuinely sorry, worried he wouldn't be able to face Antony again after his wrongdoings. Antony was actually quite irritating; Will had no idea why he put up with the young man for so long. "It won't ever happen again. I'm yours forever, even if you are old and say a lot of stuff I don't understand,"

He chuckled, pressing kisses to the crown of curls. Will never failed to make him laugh or smile - the boy was too much on occasion. "Will you go back to college for me? Even just two classes are good enough for me, lamb. Can you promise me that?"

"I promise."

"Good. Now, we best get some rest. Somebody has classes tomorrow." He quipped, flicking off the bedside lamp, plunging them into darkness once more.

Will sighed softly, lacing their fingers together as he got comfortable. Hannibal was warm and soft, like an oversized teddy bear made just for him. It wasn't long before Will was asleep, snoring softly as he dreamt the night away. Hannibal watched him, a hand petting his slightly damp curls, eyes half-lidded.

"I cannot wait to see the excellence of your becoming, dear lamb..." Hannibal whispered, pressing a soft kiss to his warm forehead before allowing himself to fall asleep.

Soon, Will would face a choice; He could continue to hide from the true nature of his being or, he could allow Hannibal to show him the true beauty of his becoming. Everything would be in the powerful hands of his beautiful Will Graham.

Chapter Three.

Chapter Summary

Will embraces the wolf inside of him, basking in the glory that blood can so easily bring. Together, they can see one another for who they truly are.

Life in Florence doesn't stay peachy and smooth forever. In his life, Will had faced so many horrors and so much pain, but the parasite that clung to him was the worst agony yet.

Chapter Notes

Warning - there is mention of major character death towards the end, please be aware of that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will smoothed out the fabric of his summer dress; something that Hannibal had picked out for their special evening. He hadn't worn a dress before, but the flowy material felt wonderful against his skin, allowing it to breathe all day.

"Can I get you a glass of wine, Mr Ford?" The young thing asked sweetly, walking over to their decorated table with a bottle of white wine, smiling. Will felt warm and soft, a new and unfamiliar feeling bubbling in his stomach as he poured their guest a glass.

Mr Ford, an acquaintance of Hannibal's, smiled, eyes raking over the creature before him. He was young, beautiful and dangerous in all the best ways. Hannibal was a lucky man, to call this enigma his very own. "So, Will, how long have you and Hannibal been together? He is very vague when I try to gossip." Ford chuckled, sipping on his drink, eyes trained on the young man as he sat.

"Hannibal is a vague man in almost every sense," chuckling, Will poured himself a glass of lemonade, not indulging in alcohol per Hannibal's order. "We have been together for just a little over a year, but have known one another for two. We met in Louisiana whilst he was teaching there," a blushed darkened Will's already-rosy cheeks as he spoke, twirling a long curl around his index finger. The twang of his accent remained soft and sweet, captivating their evening guest.

The older man was busy in the kitchen, doing the finishing touches to their meal for the night, listening carefully to his lamb's words. "We met at the lake in my town. Hannibal was drawin' and, I was out for a swim...I went and snuck a peek at his sketchbook. Almost every page was full of drawin's of me."

"Now, lamb," Hannibal chuckled, carrying plates of delicious-smelling food into the dining area. "Don't go ruining my reputation, no one at work knows how foolishly romantic I may be." Setting the plates down before taking his own seat, Hannibal held up his glass, silently toasting his guest.

This evening would be fun...in its own special way.

Ford groaned, dragging his suddenly heavy body toward the door in attempts to escape the beautiful thing. His vision blurred, making it exceedingly hard to see exactly where he was going, doubles of everything popping up around him.

In his fist, Will clutched the bloodied statue covered with Hannibal's pocket square to disguise prints. He looked over to the older man, smiling softly back at him, eyes full of love and wonderment. What was happening felt like nothing Will had ever felt before, new feelings and emotions coursed through his trembling body.

"Go on, lamb. I am observing, as of right now." Hannibal cooed encouragingly, watching with sheer glee as his boyfriend picked up the steak knife from the table. It had been a long time coming, but the older man knew that his darling boy was ready to dip his toes into his vast pool of hidden darkness. It was a beautiful sight, enough to bring tears to Hannibal's eyes as his lovely boy flipped Ford over, knife sinking into his stomach.

With a little moan, that shocked both men, Will dragged the knife horizontally, cutting into their guest as one might with a freshly caught fish. Will smiled, small splatters of blood hitting his cheeks as his dress stained red. Now he knew why Hannibal had insisted on a white dress. It felt like a rebirth; a special type of christening reserved for only the best people, people who deserved it. Will deserved it. He deserved to watch this man bleed out, choking on his blood and cries of anguish, cries no one would ever hear.

"What a beast you are," purred the man as he stepped toward Will, crouching down next to the bloodied young man. "So beautiful, so dangerous, Will Graham." He leant in, pressing a deep kiss to those glossy lips, tasting blood as their spit mixed and melted together. Will looked delicious, hands soaked in blood, dress clinging to his skin with wetness. If he didn't have impeccable restraint, the young man would be over the dinner table within an instant, but not yet.

Big eyes gazed up at Hannibal, shining brighter than any star in the sky, pulling the older man further into the inescapable pool of love. "Thank you,"

"For what, my love?" He gently pulled the shaking boy to his feet, looking down at his bloodied feet with a smile. "For giving me this, Hannibal." Will wrapped his arms around the man, burying his face in the warmth of his chest with a happy sigh. "For saving me back

home, showing me everything beautiful in the world. For taking a chance on me when no one else would. I am forever thankful for the life you have given me."

Chuckling, Hannibal scooped the babbling thing into his arms, carrying him to the bathroom. With delicate hands, he removed Will's clothes, moving to run a bath. "You don't have to thank me for any of this, Will. I knew as soon as I set eyes on you that I would be spending the rest of my life with you." Hannibal spoke softly, lifting his darling boy into the warm, soapy water. "You are the most beautiful person I have ever met; your mind astonishes me and, every time I look at you, my breath is taken away."

"Will you love me forever?" He asked quietly, gently washing the blood from his pale skin. Will felt drained now, energy sucked from his body, leaving him fragile and soft. Lidded eyes drifted to the older man, blinking his long lashes slowly, lips parted. Hannibal could've cried then, looking at his lamb finally embracing the wolf inside.

Hannibal nodded, petting at brunette curls slowly. "I will love you until the day my heart stops beating, and longer." He promised once more, kissing Will's damp forehead. "Wash yourself off whilst I clean the dining room. After, we can watch some TV, okay?" When Will nodded eagerly, Hannibal got to his feet and left.

Will picked up the washcloth, gently running it over his sensitive skin, eyes slipping closed. Clear water mixed with blood, trickling off his skin to meet the rest of the pink water, swirling around the young man's body. He sunk further in until the water consumed him, wetting his curls. Under the water, Will could feel the drumming on his heart in his ears, slow and steady. He smiled to himself, pushing his hair back when he sat up, head resting against the porcelain tub. "Thank you," he whispered, looking towards the ceiling. Was he thanking God? Maybe he was thanking his mother for allowing herself to be stupid enough to get killed. Perhaps, Will would never know who he was speaking to when he whispered toward the sky; he was okay with not knowing.

After a while, when the bathwater turned cold, Will got out, wrapping his body in the warm towel Hannibal had left. He dried off, pulling on one of the older man's work shirts and a pair of silk underwear, heading to find his lover on the balcony.

Five years in Italy and both men were engaged, rings proudly placed on their fingers. Will should be happy, shouldn't he? He couldn't bring himself to get excited about their upcoming wedding or the life he would lead with Hannibal. He just couldn't.

The young man had started to worry when the pounds fell off of him like they were nothing, thighs becoming slim, face hollowing out ever so slightly. It wouldn't have been concerning years ago, but now, when Hannibal fed him as well as he did, Will couldn't help but worry. The sharp pains he got didn't soothe him either. Some days he wouldn't have any, others his lower abdomen would be assaulted with shooting sparks of pain, almost knocking him over. Hiding it from Hannibal was the worst part.

When things got worse, Will would be left shivering, fever higher than it ever should be. Nights like that, he would insist on staying with Antony, just so Hannibal wouldn't see him in

that state. Antony didn't understand much, confused as to why Will wouldn't simply come clean to his fiancé about something so life-changing, but it wasn't his place to break the news to Hannibal. He would support him however Will needed, even if it hurt him to do so.

Eventually, the whites of the young man's eyes yellowed, leaving him constantly tired-looking. He couldn't hide it anymore.

Hannibal didn't want to accept it, screaming into the confines of his car when he received the doctors call. How could Will hide it so long? Hannibal was furious; his lover's condition had deteriorated to the point of no return. There was no saving him now, not even with all the treatments money could buy. A part of the man knew he could smell something on Will, something sweet and sickly, but he didn't listen to himself. He should have listened to himself. Pancreatic cancer would take his love, as opposed to old age as they had planned.

The young man sobbed softly, looking down at the clumps of curls in his shaking hands. The part he had wanted to avoid was gaining up on him rapidly. Will was an empty shell of the boy that had arrived in Florence, reduced once more to skin and bone.

Hannibal still told him he was beautiful at every chance, whispering sweet nothings in his ear as they cuddled. It never made Will feel better, only letting out broken sobs in response. That's all he seemed to do as of late, cry and howl into his fiancé's arms as he days grew shorter.

They had a small ceremony, a vicar coming to their home to marry both men, binding them together forever, even when Will was gone. That was the first and only time Will ever saw Hannibal cry, bawling his eyes out, biting his worrying lip as the vicar spoke his holy words. Hannibal couldn't bear to see the young man this way, too weak to move on his own, consumed by his own unforgiving body.

The knowledge that Will would die a married man made it all a little better. He would die Will Lecter, happy and comfortable with his loving husband at his side, guiding him gently into the afterlife.

It dawned on Will, one painful night, that it was Hannibal he was talking to whenever he looked up at the ceiling; talking to the Hannibal that would be waiting for him in the man's mind palace, ready to greet him with open arms. That warmed him, knowing just who would be waiting for him on the other side when death finally had its grips on him. Their love would carry on forever, able to hold one another for eternity.

"Hannibal," Will called weakly, his voice an echo of what it once was, southern twang gripping on tightly.

"Yes, dear?" Walking to the bed, Hannibal sat down, the feeling that the young man needed to be held taking over him. How could say no? "What's the matter, beautiful? I was just making us dinner." It could wait.

"I..." he coughed, hiding his face in the security of Hannibal's red jumper. "I have something to ask o-of you," Will laced their fingers together, rings knocking against each other.

"Anything for you,"

"I want to go now." Tears streaked down his bony cheeks, breath hitching at the exertion of crying. "Please, my love. I-If you are to do anything for me, it is this."

Hannibal's heart stopped, shattering to a million pieces inside him. Had he heard that right? He couldn't let Will leave him, not now, not ever. The older man shook his head, ever so gently moving Will's face to look at him. "Will..."

Sobbing, Will shook his head, heaving on his tears. "No. Hannibal, please don't do this. Please. I can't do this anymore...I'm in so m-much agony," Will swallowed the acid that flooded his mouth, squeezing his hand the best he could. "If you love me, you'll do me the honour. I want to die here, not in some sterile hospital. Please."

"Yes, o-okay," Hannibal gently slipped out of bed, heading to the recently installed medicine cabinet, pulling out a small vial of medicine. He looked at it, biting back a sob as he filled a needle with the clear liquid. He couldn't do this. He couldn't kill his own husband. But this wasn't killing him, Hannibal was simply ridding his lover of the pain he felt. "I am sorry that I couldn't help you, Will. I can't help but feel..."

Will cut him off with a weak kiss, hand loosely gripping Hannibal's soft jumper. "Don't be...such a f-fool, darlin'. I kept it from you for so long. Please don't see this as your fault." Will allowed the older man to move him, pulling his slender body to his warm chest, chin resting on what little curls he had left. "You're helping me."

The young man was right.

"Will you wait for me?" He older man asked, gently slipping the head of the needle into his husband's thin flesh.

"Yes, I'll wait thousands of years just to see you again," Will whispered weakly in return, tears sliding from his lidded eyes.

"I'll be there soon, just wait." Hannibal kissed the crown of his head, removing the empty needle.

Will's eyes slipped closed, body going limp in the older man's arms. His wheezing breaths quietened until he fell utterly silent, chest lifting up and down, almost unnoticeable. He stayed like that for a while, breathing ever so softly, pressed against Hannibal's chest as the older man searched for a heartbeat.

When it faded and, his chest stopped moving, Hannibal let out a pained wail, breath catching on a sob. He was gone. Hannibal was alone with himself and the warm body. Lovingly, he pressed kisses all over his husband's face, crying softly against him.

He lay like that for a while, holding Will in his arms. "Wait for me, my love."

Italy was never the same after that; the sights, sun rise and set, the water, the museums and beaches, all tainted now he was without his love. Every day felt the same, blurring together as the years rolled on. Life was hollow, no flamboyant, insatiable boy to rule his life now.

Will was still as beautiful when they met once again; curls long, skin glowing, eyes bright as he pulled Hannibal in for a long-overdue kiss.

"You waited."

"of course."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter...pain

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